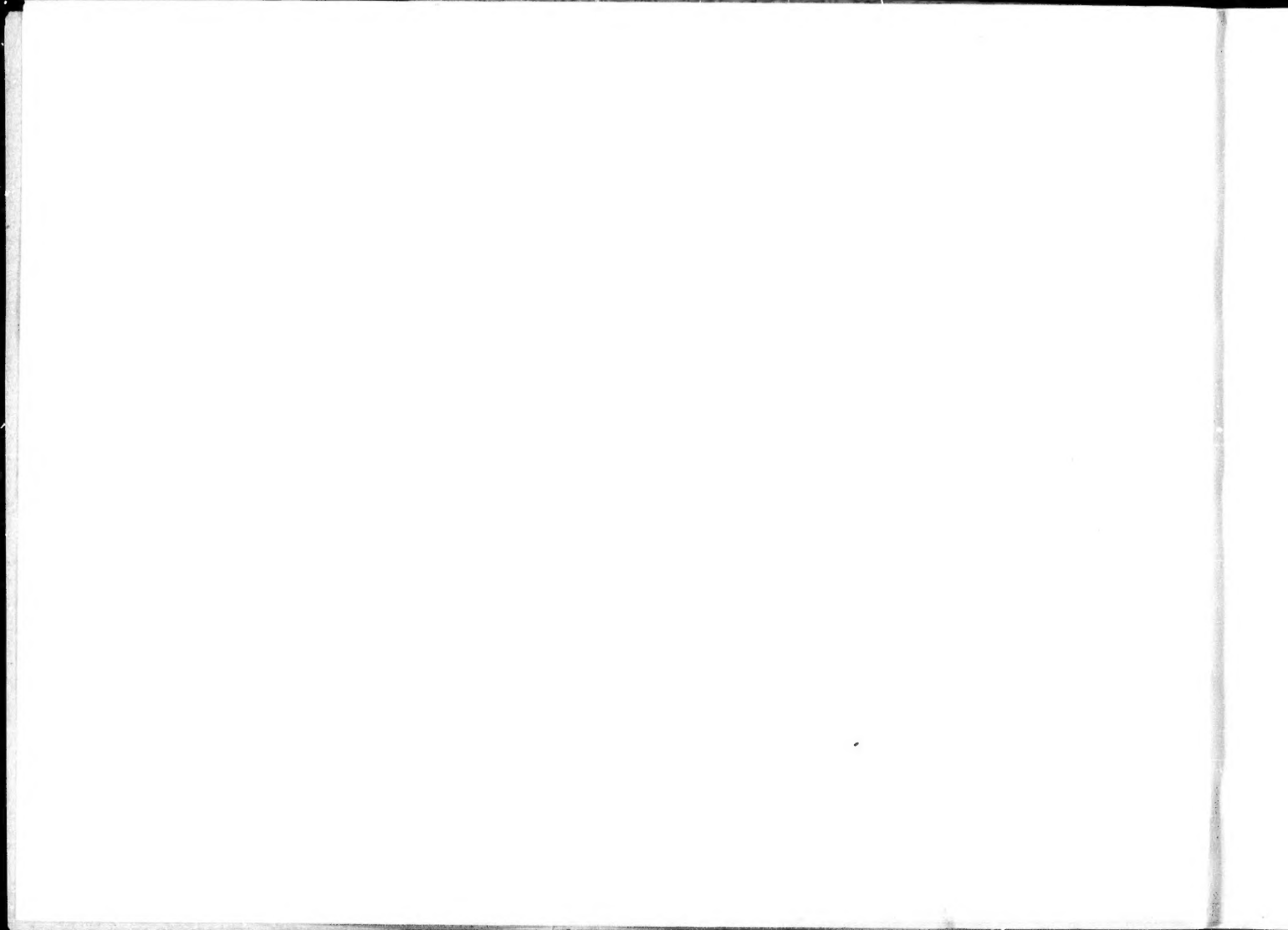
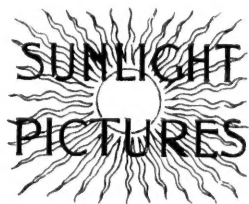




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Sunlight Pictures
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SUNLIGHT PICTURES
OF THE
THOUSAND ISLANDS



HALF-TONES FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY McINTYRE



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SUNLIGHT  
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THE THOUSAND ISLANDS.



ON the 10th of January, 1792, a patent was issued to Alexander Macomb covering large tracts of land bordering on the St. Lawrence. It was intended that the application should also secure control of the Islands in that part of the St. Lawrence on which this tract fronted. But there is no proof that the Islands were actually patented until after the determination of the boundary line (1822). On February 15th, 1823, a patent was issued to Elisha Camp, including all the Islands in the State, between the head of Grindstone Island and Morristown. The Islands included in this patent were subsequently divided up and sold either separately or in parcels, passing through the hands of successive owners down to about 1845. At this time Mr. Azariah Walton became the possessor of a considerable portion of Wells Island, together with most of the small islands between the head of Wells Island and Morristown. At least as early as this the Thousand Islands began to gain a name, not only among lovers of the beautiful in nature, but especially among sportsmen, as a place for Summer recreation on the part of lovers of the rod and gun. About 1850, Mr. Seth Greene, the fish culturist, bought the island now known as "Manhattan," and built a cottage upon it. As early as 1846 the Rev. George W. Bethune, afterwards of Brooklyn, began spending his Summers at Alexandria Bay, and the figure of the sportsman parson is a prominent one in all that pertains to the welfare of this region, and in bringing its rare beauties and pleasures to the knowledge of the public.

Shortly after 1850 Messrs. Cornwall and Walton, who had become owners of a large number of islands in the American waters, began selling the small islands at a nominal price. They indulged the hope that the place might develop into one of the great Summer resorts, and the islands were sold with the stipulation that cottages should be erected within three years from the time of sale. The sales were not numerous, however, and the cottages erected were of a rude sort. In 1872 an incident occurred which more than anything else in recent times called

attention to the Thousand Islands. Mr. George M. Pullman had, some years before, purchased an island nearly opposite Alexandria Bay, and had erected a spacious but rude cottage. On a bright day towards the close of July, a little yacht—perhaps the only one then on that part of the river—was seen steaming down the St. Lawrence. In the neighborhood of Alexandria Bay there were unusual signs of festivity. At Mr. Pullman's Island the steps were laid with carpet, the cottage and the Island front were gay with bunting, and everything indicated expectancy. The little yacht bore General Grant, with his family and a party of friends, who at Mr. Pullman's invitation were to spend a week among the beauties of the Thousand Islands. The visit of the President was heralded far and near. His daily movements, his trips among the Islands, his fishing exploits, were eagerly chronicled and read; and Alexandria Bay at once sprang into a prominence which it had not known before. In 1873 the large and handsome hotels at the Bay were opened, and a tide of tourists and pleasure-seekers began to pour in. At once there was an increased demand for Island property, and the sales which began so briskly in 1872 have continued, until at present all of the better islands are owned and occupied, and only a few desirable points remain upon the mainland or on Wells Island. Tens of thousands of people now spend their Summers among the Thousand Islands, either in their own cottages or at hotels. The river from above Clayton to several miles below Alexandria Bay is dotted with summer-houses, all of them pretty, many of them expensive and elegant, comparing well in variety and beauty with those of any other Summer resort in the country.

THE CHARMS OF THE THOUSAND ISLANDS.

Nature has done so much here to charm the eye that the art of man can add little or nothing to the scene. "Civilization, as it shows itself among the Thousand Islands, is not intrusive. It rather heightens than detracts from the total impression." In wild beauty, in grace and boldness of outline, in form and color, in beauty near at hand or in distant prospects, in infinite variety, and in the endless combinations of land and water views, it must be admitted that the Thousand

Islands surpass any other spot on earth. Giant forces have been at work here in the past, and the Titans in their sport have hurled rocks and islands broadcast, leaving the blue limpid waters of the St. Lawrence to filter through as best they can. There are islands which in simple beauty vie with those of Lake George. There are beetling cliffs which compare with those of the Saguenay. There are grotesque forms like the pictured rocks of Lake Superior. Here the river sweeps along, a deep, broad, silent stream; here it spreads out into quiet lakes or bays; here it rushes through a narrow passage, whirling and foaming, impatient at restraint. There are quiet shady nooks, where the sun at midday can scarcely find an entrance; there are sheltered spots which the rudest winds can scarcely visit. In the endless variety of river and rapid, of rock and greensward, of towering cliff and sandy beach, of headland and bay, the St. Lawrence, as it sweeps among the Thousand Islands, cannot be equaled. As the tourist moves along in the skiff or upon the steamer's deck, the view changes at almost every moment. New beauties present themselves before the eye has been satisfied with those upon which it already looks. A brief sojourn among the Thousand Islands can lead only to confusion or to a surfeit of loveliness; and one may spend months or years in this favored spot without exhausting its charms or knowing more than a mere fraction of its endless beauty. The lovely dowers which Frontenac saw in 1673—"as beautiful as can be seen"—still blossom in the crevices of the rocks and along the shore. Wild vines festoon the rocks and soften their roughness, while ferns and all manner of strange and lovely plants are found in the recesses of the Islands. The very rocks are carpeted with moss which invites the study of the botanist. Indeed, the student may find among the Thousand Islands a world even more strange and fascinating than the sportsman or mere pleasure-seeker. "It is there that you may find the Indian-pipe plant, while the scarlet columbines, the pink white water-lilies, the crimson baneberries and the snowy anemones, combine with the creepers, the ferns and the club mosses to make as beautiful and varied a carpet as I have ever beheld." You do not care to fish? Come with me then to the Lake of the Isles, or to some bay in either the American or Canadian channel, where the water-lily blooms luxuriantly, and let us gather a skiff half full of these queenly

flowers. Or are you in the mood for indolence and dreaming? Let us go to some quiet island and spreading shawls and cushions, or simply making a bed of the mossy rock or greensward, let us watch the clouds—the ships of the sky—or the white-winged vessels of the river, as they go racing past. Do music and sentiment invite you? The moonlight is nowhere so brilliant. Here is the skiff awaiting us, and with guitar or mandolin, or with the tinkling music of the banjo, let us float idly with the current and wake the echoes with song. Or perhaps the royal art of Isaac Walton has charms for you. Your oarsman is at the dock with his St. Lawrence skiff—the best in the world—cushioned and carpeted, with easy chairs, with poles and lines in order. If any one can tempt the wily bass from his hiding-place, it is he. He knows where they resort; he understands their times and moods; and your reputation as a successful angler is safe in his hands. There are fishing parties and excursions and picnics, *ad libitum*. You need never be dull or weary for lack of something to do. You may be as indolent or as active as you please and happy in either mood. It's a luxury to breathe this air. There is health in every inspiration. There's a fascination in the moving life of the river. There's a witchery in the night—the moonlight night, when the river is all silver—or the moonless night, when the stars above are doubled in the stars below. There's a splendor and power even in its storms, when the Northwest wind sweeps the channel and piles up the waters in angry and turbulent masses. Nature in all her moods here surpasses herself. To the lover of beauty or art or pleasure, the possibilities of this noble stream are limitless; and when Newport or Saratoga, or even Long Branch, are "stale, flat, and unprofitable," the charm and beauty of the Thousand Islands will be as keen and as new as ever.

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ALEXANDRIA BAY.



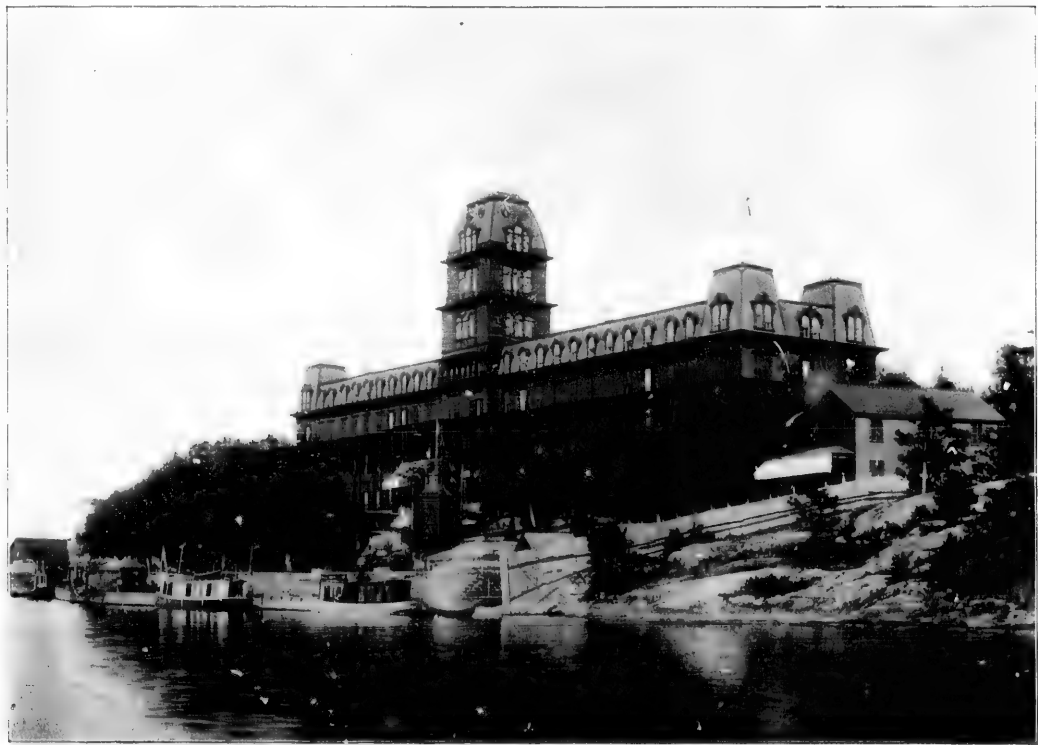
GROSVENOR HOUSE.



FALCONA OF CROSSMAN HOUSE.



VIEW FROM HART'S ISLAND.



THOUSAND ISLAND HOUSE,



BALCONY OF THOUSAND ISLAND HOUSE.



LAWN OF THOUSAND ISLAND HOUSE.



BONNIE CASTLE.



MANHATTAN ISLAND—HON. J. C. SPENCER.



MANHATTAN ISLAND--HON. J. L. HASBROUCK.



LEDGES—MRS. S. F. K. HUDSON.



FAIRY LAND—CHARLES HAYDEN.



SPORT ISLAND - A. P. WILBUR.



THE HIGHWAY AND R. H. WILBUR.



WESTMINSTER PARK HOTEL.

ENTRANCE TO LAKE OF LACURINE





SENTINEL.



REEL.



ECHO ROCK.



FROM ECHO ROCK.



LOST CHANNEL.



NEW ISLAND WANDERER IN LOST CHANNEL.



STAVE ISLAND.



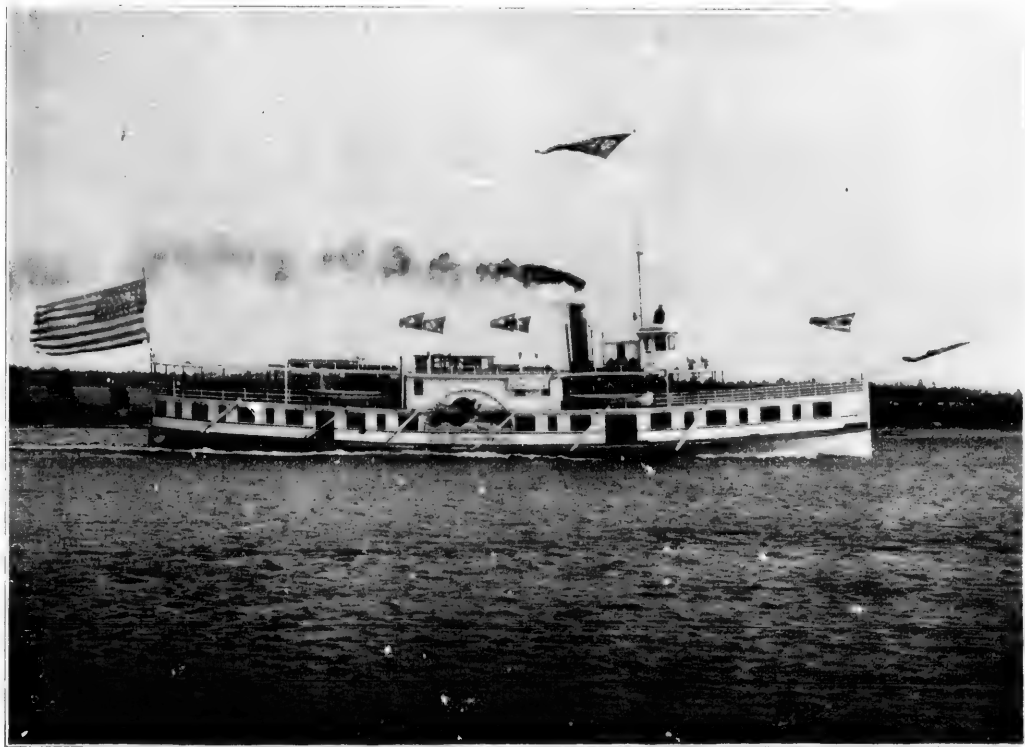
SMOKE ISLAND.



HOLSTEAD'S REFT.



GANANOQUE FROM GRINDSTONE ISLAND.



STEAMER ST. LAWRENCE.



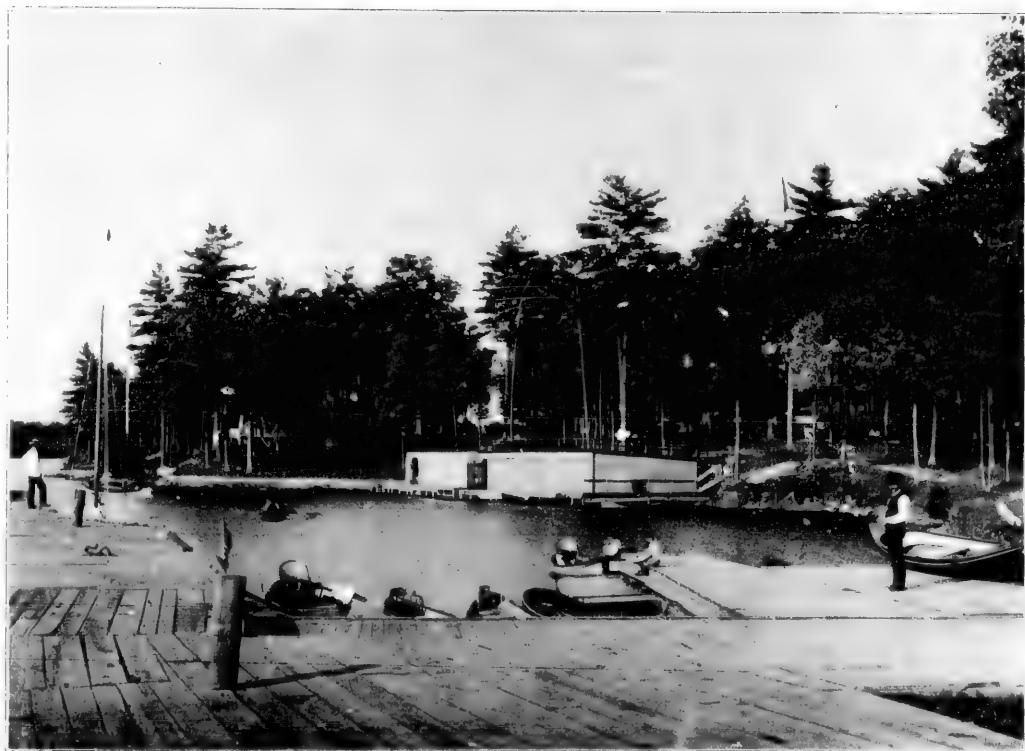
HOTEL FRONTENAC—ROUND ISLAND.



MURRAY HILL PARK FROM PALISADES.



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ROSE ISLAND.



FROM COMFORT ISLAND.



KEEWAYDEN—J. W. JACKSON.



INTERIOR KEEWAYDEN—J. W. JACKSON.



WARNER ISLAND.



CUBA—M. CHAUNCEY.

DEVIL'S OVEN





CRAIGSIDE. — H. A. LAUGHLIN.



FROM CHARRY ISLAND.



STUAVISANT LODGE—J. F. EASTON.



HOPWELL HALL - W. C. BROWNING.



CASTLE REST—GEO. M. PULLMAN.



NOBBY ISLAND. H. E. HEATH.



12 GIBBY ISLAND.



FROM CASTLE REST.



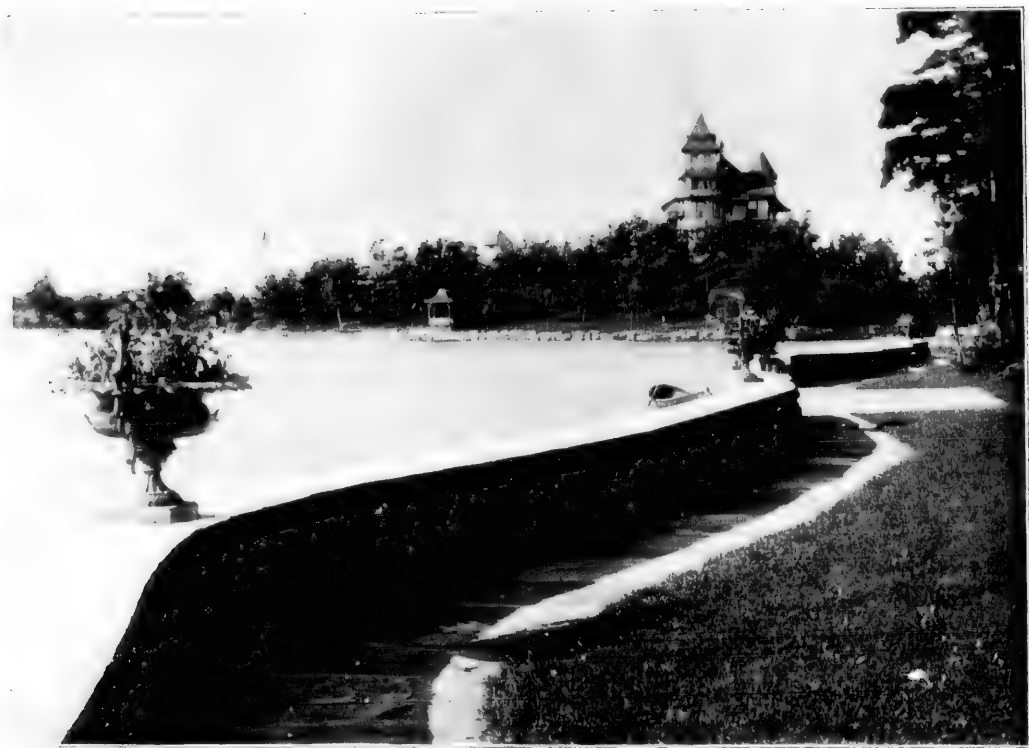
FROM CASTLE REST.



DEWLY ISLAND—E. W. DEWLY.



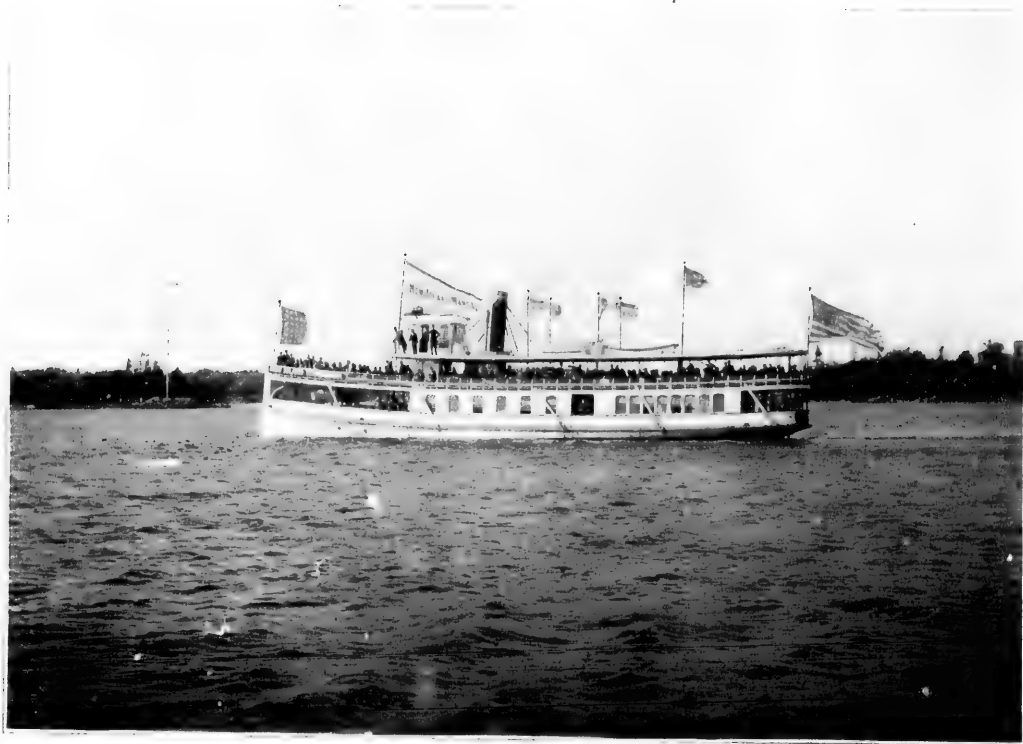
INTERIOR DEWEY ISLAND.



ST. ELMO—N. HUN.



ISLE IMPERIAL G. KAFFERTY.



NEW ISLAND WANDERER.



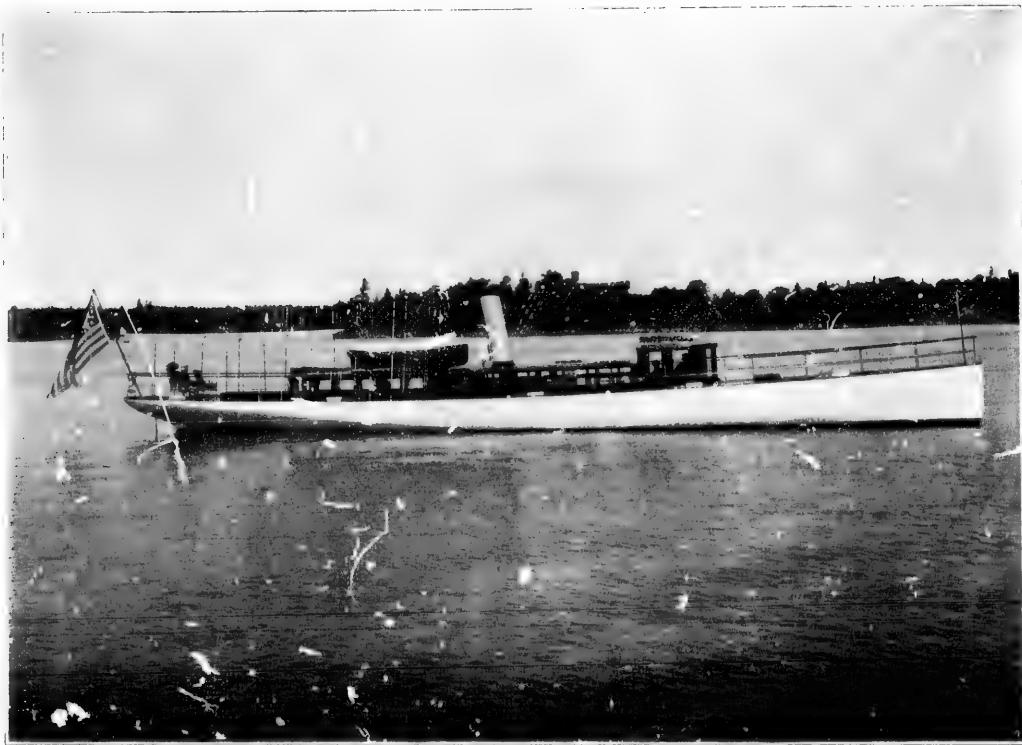
INGLESIDE—MRS. G. E. MARSH.



EDGEWOOD PARK.



THOUSAND ISLAND CLUB HOUSE.



STEAMER LOTUS-LIKER.



PULLMAN HOUSE, GERNLIE PARK.



ISLE OF PINES.



PEARL DOCK.



POINT D'AVELLAN.



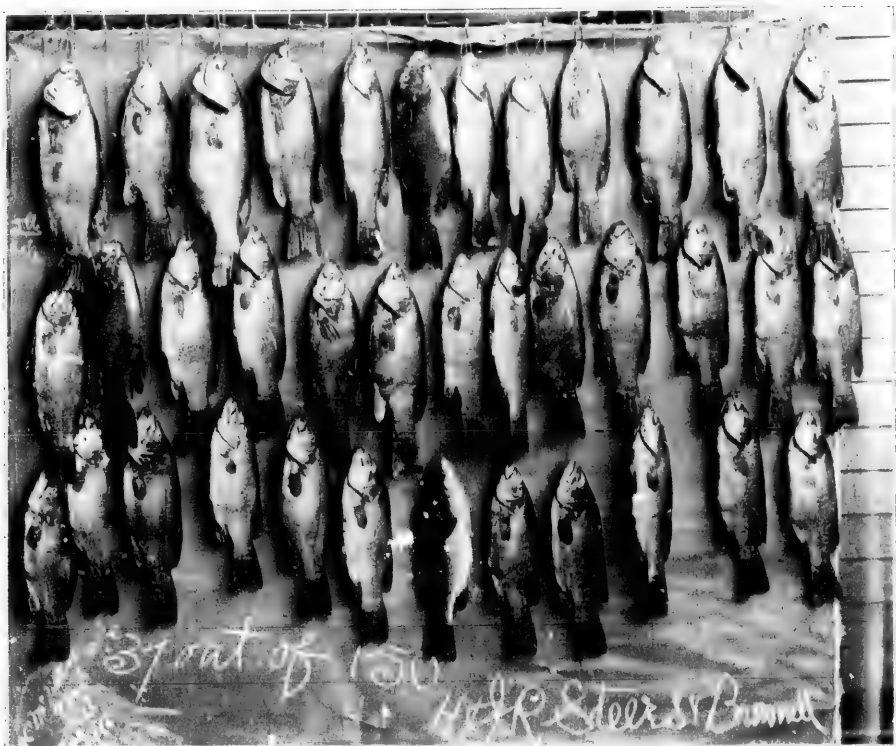
LINDEN HOF.



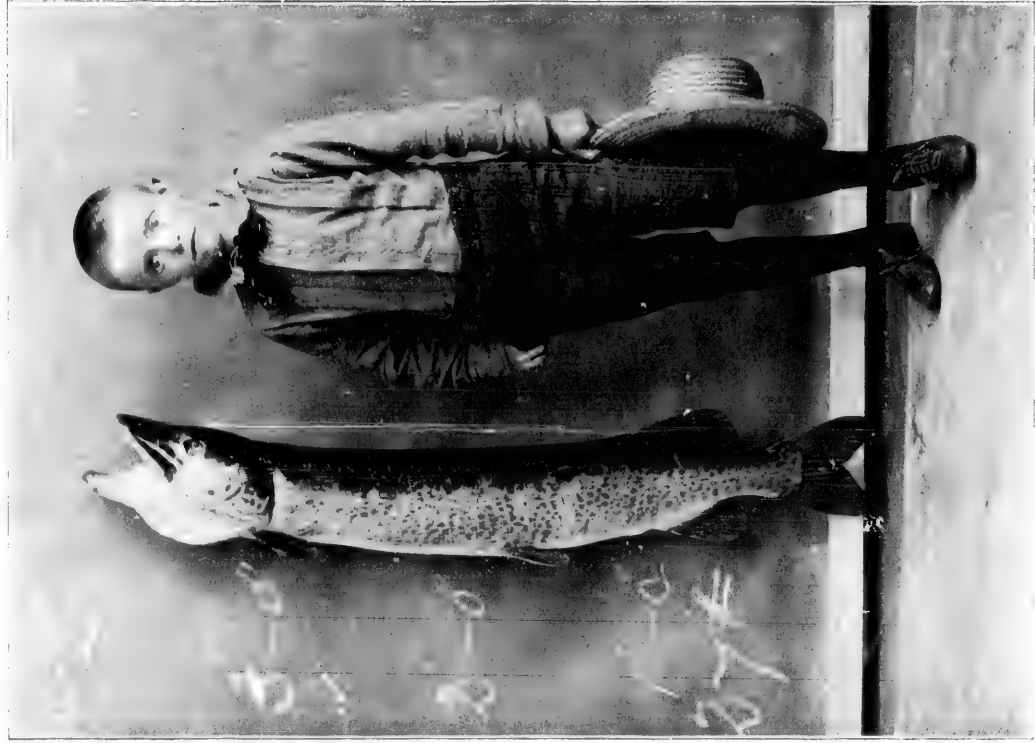
LOTUS LAND.



FINNLEY'S BAY.



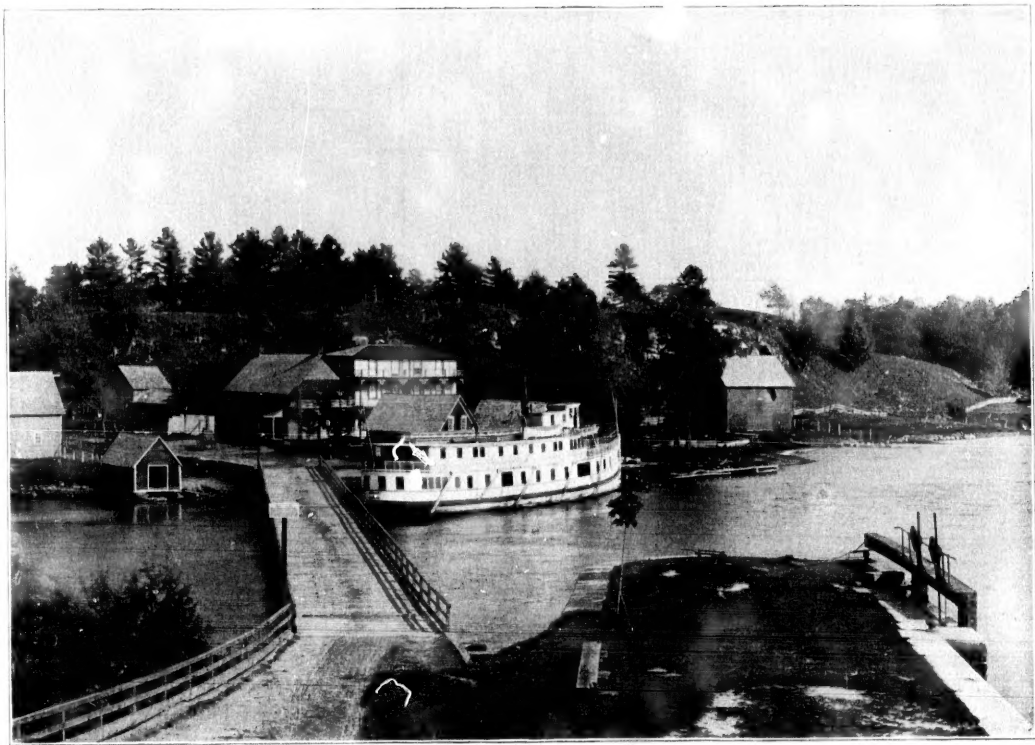
A CATCH OF BLACK BASS.



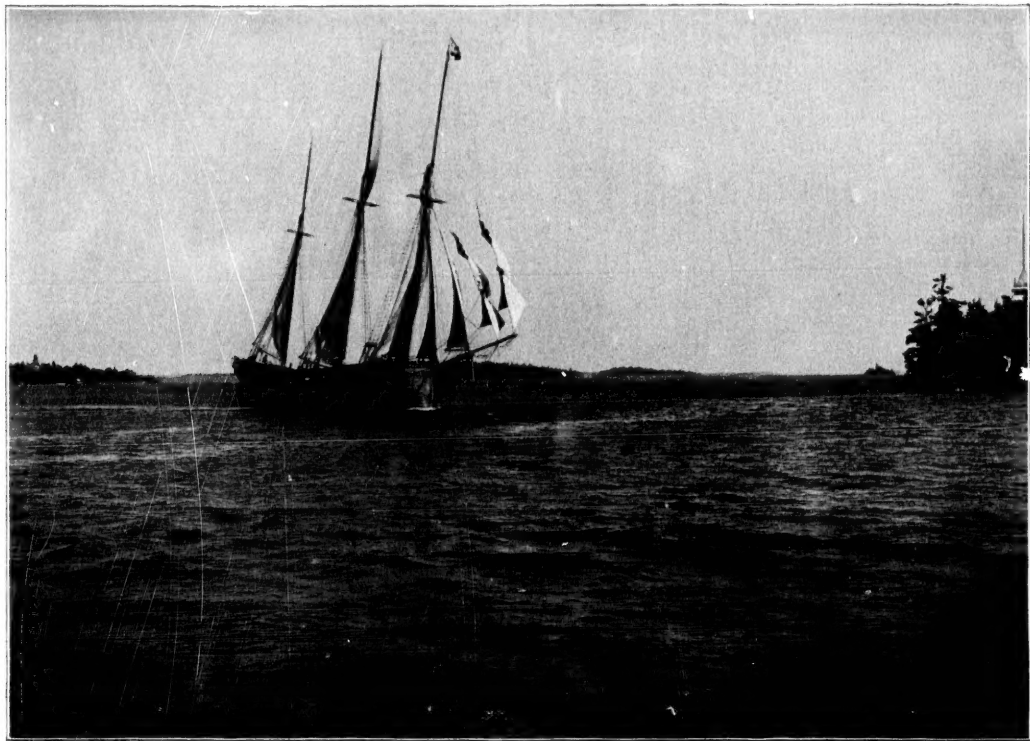
MUSKALONGE.



JONES FALLS ON THE RIDEAU.



JONES' LOCK ON THE RIDEAU.



JOHN S. PARSONS.

